

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XV.

This with superficial, that with intellectual charms adorn'd.

IT has been justly observed, that an involuntary prepossession obtrudes itself upon the mind, respecting every stranger, on the first interview. This, though generally approved, is sometimes contradicted by experience, and therefore requires to be regulated by observation and reflection. On beholding a lovely figure, we are inclined to a favorable prepossession, on the fallacious hypothesis, that what appears so lovely, must in reality be so. No error is more frequent than this, in that instantaneous judgment which prejudice pronounces on the merits of others. A graceful exterior is so often accompanied with internal defect, that I frequently detect myself in contemplating beauty as if it were a certain indication of the absence of those amiable qualities which constitute the felicity of social intercourse. There appears in this acknowledgement something like a spirit of malignity, which will be readily discovered by a beautiful woman; but on being informed that the writer applies this remark equally to both sexes, she may feel less asperity. Ignorance, vanity, and superciliousness are as frequently characteristics of handsome men, as of handsome women; and in the male character, are much less to be tolerated.

After the above remarks, it will not appear strange, that my prepossession should have been unfavorable toward my landlady's daughter, upon observing that she possessed that symmetry of features and elegance of person, which are generally allowed to constitute beauty. Being aware of my prejudice, and wishing to find qualities which might remove it, I observed her narrowly; and gave full credit for every expression or action which carried an appearance of intelligence or of goodness; but as she chose to have very little intercourse with the odious male sex, I was under the necessity of confining my remarks almost entirely to her manners with her immediate connexions, particularly her mother; to whom her mode of address was so imperious, that I at first

mistook her for some rich heiress, to whom the old lady held a candle, for the benefit of keeping her as a profitable boarder.—It may be supposed that I was a little surprised, on discovering that my landlady was the mother of this towering beauty, whom I will call SNARLETTA. On the second day after my arrival, some company came in, to whom Miss SNARLETTA was desirous of appearing agreeable; and it was not until their entrance, that I discovered she possessed a soft-toned delicate voice, and a desire, with the power of rendering herself quite a social being. In this interview, only one circumstance appeared, to throw a shade over her desire to please; which was, the mincing of her words rather too fine for the reigning taste; but as it testified an excess of good intention, the candid will overlook it.

Another member of the family was a young woman, whom I took to be a domestic associate; the cares of the family devolved in a considerable measure on her, but as she was a table guest, I was satisfied she could not be a servant. The respectful attention she constantly paid to the landlady, and the ease of her deportment to every one, gave me an exalted opinion of her disposition, and a desire to become acquainted with her. I improved the first opportunity to introduce a conversation respecting SNARLETTA, by observing, that her manner had been greatly changed on the introduction of company. Yes, said she, my sister can render herself agreeable when she is so disposed. Your sister! is that young lady your sister? Yes, she is my younger sister, said the elder, (whom I will distinguish by the name of SERENA). And whence, said I, arises the great difference, which is so apparent, in your employments, your habits, and your manners? Why you must have observed, said she, that my sister is handsome, and that I am not. And if she were a VENUS, said I, it would not account for the difference just named. A VENUS, said she, would injure her complexion over the fire; she would soil her clothes; she would tarnish the whiteness of her hands, in domestic occupations; and these would spoil your VENUS. But do you think, Miss, that beauty and the activity of usefulness are in-

compatible? That is a question, Sir, for a beauty to answer. I think no quality or station incompatible with usefulness, and endeavor to acquit myself accordingly; but had I been handsome, I might have thought and acted as my sister does; it is therefore, in my estimation, a blessing to be destitute of those external charms, which seem to vivify the mind, and render the possessor a vain and trifling being. The witty and the malignant, would sport the fox and the grapes upon my remark; but it is made in the sincerity of truth; and I am fully convinced, that the example which my sister displays, has been of essential service to me; it has a tendency to shew me what I ought not to be, and has led me to frequent reflections on what I ought to be. The indolence in which my sister leads her life, teaches me industry; her undutiful and rough manners, instruct me in filial affection and unoffending simplicity. In short, every specimen she gives of unamiable deportment, operates by contrast, to assist me in avoiding the wrong, and in choosing the right course.

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of SNARLETTA, and I retired, with a most exalted opinion of the homely SERENA, and a fixed contempt for her beautiful sister.

FOR THE HIVE.

A letter from a Guardian to his Ward, a young lady of engaging, mental and personal qualities; of a good family and considerable fortune, who was addressed by a fashionable rake.

My Dear Carolina,

IT was my duty to manage your affairs during your minority, in the best manner I could. I expect you will acknowledge that I have always exerted myself, to improve your fortune as much as possible. I now conceive it to be peculiarly my duty, to give you my best advice for promoting your future happiness. If I had neglected the cultivation of your mind and thereby rendered you incapable of appreciating good advice, or, if I did not believe my uniform zeal for your welfare entitled me to your confidence,

then I would not at this time, have undertaken this office. I shall submit the observations I have to make, with as much delicacy as possible, but at the same time with the candor you should expect, from the sacred character I have assumed, to wit, the guardian of your happiness. I hope they will be received in good part, as they are well intended. You are now arrived at an age, when, from your intrinsic worth, your mental and personal charms, and the adventitious advantages you possess, of family and fortune, many young men will aspire at the acquisition of you for a wife. You will have it in your power to make such selection among the young men of your acquaintance, as you may most approve. There are few young gentlemen, if any, who would not consider you a very eligible match. Nothing is wanting to induce them to declare, what I now assure you is the case, but your countenance and approbation of their advances. My object at present is, to suggest to your consideration, such remarks, as I believe will be useful to you in forming a choice, in forming a contract, the most important of your life, one, on which not only your temporal must, but your eternal happiness may, so essentially depend. There are two descriptions of young men to whom I would particularly direct your attention. The one I consider the most eligible, the other the most dangerous. The most eligible are those who have applied themselves to the acquisition of useful knowledge and who sustain good moral characters. The other consists of those, who have been early initiated into life, and who have dissipated their time in the pursuit of pleasure. The man of pleasure, from his easy manners, and the confidence he has acquired by his intercourse with society, will be more likely to approach you, and more likely to please and dazzle at first sight, than the modest, unassuming young man, who has been laying the foundation for the great man at fifty, and forming correct habits. This is the snare, this the danger to be guarded against; but the young man of information, possesses a treasure which will gradually unfold itself upon acquaintance, and moral habits wear well in married life. A young man of merit would be brought into notice by your wealth. He would then in his turn, confer honor and emolument on you. How much more happy would you not be, with a husband of this description, who received the united applauses of his country, and whose whole affections were concentrated in you, and the pledges of your mutual love, than you possibly could be, with the empty coxcomb, who would be brought into notice for a short time, by force of your wealth, that his ignorance and insignificance might be rendered the more conspicuous? What could you expect from a young man of dissipated habits? Probably he addresses you

to retrieve his losses and extravagance, and to be enabled to continue his excesses a while longer. His impudence and effrontery will enable him to attempt any thing. If he succeed, his object is answered, and he will squander away your fortune among gamblers, & his time among loose women, both the vilest wretches of human kind; but such is the society for which he has contracted a relish in early life, and such is the only society in which he could make a figure. You cannot expect much of his company, and still less of his affection, both are pre-engaged. Your money is all he wants, is all he has occasion for. Never therefore encourage the empty coxcomb, as a suitor, the world will form an opinion of your judgment and disposition accordingly. A man of merit would not be anxious to obtain your hand, if you pointedly encourage the advances of a person of a different description. Consider well, my dear Carolina, this advice, ere it be too late. Whether would you rather be respectable and happy, or be miserable and neglected?

FOR THE HIVE.

ON ENVY.

" Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure,
Or how an evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn :
Bare innocence is weak support
To him who's tried in envy's court "

ENVY is one of those vices which is not in the power of human laws to prohibit, because it is of so versatile a nature as to admit of no precise definition; and owing to its great familiarity, it seems to pass unnoticed, unless where a person becomes the immediate object of its malice, and is brought to experience the effects of its invidious dislike. Of all vices to which human nature is prone, it is the most discoverable, because it is the only one which never wants objects of hatred. It insinuates itself in a thousand different shapes, shows itself in the most common occurrences of life, and never misses an opportunity of secretly wounding well-earned fame. When we look around, and observe the different degrees of men about us, it is easy to discern this little fiend, envy, displaying itself in all its various forms, and preying upon the happiness of those who have been so unlucky as to become acquainted with it. And, although the labors of the moralist are often directed to the extirpation of so painful an evil, it still finds refuge in the breast, and seems to increase and strengthen as its age advances. Observe it destroying the peace and comfort of many an individual, merely because it sees superior talents and worth in the possession of another. Behold it often reigning triumphant, insomuch as sometimes to employ slander and detraction as the means of accomplishing its nefarious designs—namely, the ignominy

and disgrace of all, and their reduction to a level with its own dirty self.

What human being is there but must sigh with indignation, when he hears of the engines of envy being employed against him, by persons whom he never injured, merely for the gratification of a malicious and wicked disposition; and what must his feelings be, when he finds himself persecuted as a common enemy, by men to whom he has given no provocation? What, I say, are his sensations, when he hears the defects of his nature ridiculed; the unforeseen accidents and misfortunes of his family raked up, thrown into his face, & published to a busy world with all the stratagem of art and defamation?—Alas! he then feels, and learns to abhor the artifices which he only laughed at before.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE great search of man through life is in quest of happiness. Like a bewildered traveller, he inquires of every one whom he meets, where dwells happiness? insomuch that he often forgets the happiness he already enjoys, by the romantic anticipation of fancied bliss. Let us not, therefore perplex the brain and destroy our peace of mind by endeavoring to discover new schemes of speculation for the attainment of a thing which, as we are expressly told, is not allotted to man in his present state. Philosophy's most salutary lesson teaches us to conform our dispositions to the enjoyment of that portion of earthly happiness allotted to all; because complete happiness is found only in the celestial, and not in the terrestrial world. Why then are we so discontented, because of our disappointment in the attainment of a thing which religion and reason proves to be a mere visionary phantom. We are only to expect the enjoyment of happiness, as the final result of a well spent life.

Messrs. Printers,

I AM not very singular myself, but I certainly live in a very odd neighborhood. I associate with a large circle, and like many good clergymen, visit every part of the town in which I reside. It sometimes mortifies me to discover, that no two of my neighbors are similar in their dispositions and habits. I shall attempt to describe some of this motley connection. In the varieties of human nature, there is something to amuse as well as to regret;—with us, wives are as queer as their husbands, and to complete the scene, they seem to have combined in the resolution not to agree among themselves nor in their families, as you shall see.—

Mrs. Waddle is as lean as a shad—her husband last week pulled up nine fifty-six's, you will find him in silent sleep, at nine

o'clock in the morning—she has a good voice, and none of her neighbors can sleep after day-break; at noon you will find him in his armed chair puffing his tranquil pipe; she resembles Shadrach in the furnace, with this difference, that from her the flame appears to be bursting, while of Shadrach, as we are told, it sported round the outsides; Mr. Waddle addresses her with great calmness and affection—she accosts him as though she would take the last hair from his head. When abroad she talks much of family happiness.

Mrs. Slipshod, good easy soul, never frets; her geese, hens and pigs, are at liberty to eat with her from the same dish; her house, as I never entered it, I shall not attempt a description—am told that few enter it more than once; she pretends that in her infancy, she was in danger of drowning, and never could bear water since, which many believe; her husband consoles himself by declaring that he never shall be troubled with jealousy.

Lady Trimsharp, is vastly agreeable; she reads every thing that is fashionable, and thinks she shall write a book; she begun the Almanack a month ago, and told me last night she had got almost thro' the roads; like some modern philosophers, she thinks that to be learned she must be unintelligible, in which branch she appears to be perfect.

Madam Catchpenny, makes no small figure with us; she rules the whole town in money matters—in her zeal for property, you would mistake her for an oyster wench; she storms at every body for not being rich, she denies herself all the comforts of life, except a few drops, now and then; which give her neighbours a faint prospect of being rid of her at some future time.

Suza Languish has been expiring thirty years; she takes snuff by the pint, and opium by the pound—all the doctors skilled in roots within fifty miles have had a peep at Suza, and each one has given her disorder a new name, and prescribed different medicines; it takes three to help her off her horse at the meeting-house on Sunday, and yet she pushed doctor Syrup head-long out of the door the other day because he told her that she had the hypo.

I think it dangerous to proceed further in describing female characters.

GILES GRINDSTONE.

MORAL.

THE PASSIONS.

Anger inflames the blood, is a temporary deprivation of reason, and involves those who rather indulge than endeavor to conquer their resentments, in perpetual quarrels and contentions. *Envy* is a worm which corrodes the breast and makes those who cherish it, miserable, because others are happy. *Pride* meets with daily mortifications, which more

than counterbalance the splendor of rank, or gifts of fortune. *Vanity*, or an extravagant desire of admiration, is oftentimes fatal to virtue, and at last terminates in contempt. *Avarice*, or an inordinate desire of wealth, destroys the finer feelings of humanity, and makes riches a curse instead of a blessing. The covetous neither enjoy the good things of life themselves, nor communicate a portion of them to others in distress; the relief of which to a generous mind, would be more gratifying than the contemplation of hoarded gold. *Dissimulation* is not only odious in itself, but frequently destructive in its consequences. The artless and undesigning, who act from strict principles of integrity, never suspect the honor and veracity of another, they both see and feel for the misfortunes of others, and from their own experience, that promises are frequently made, only to deceive and betray. They become the dupes of treachery, because they expected truth, where they met with falsehood; and placed confidence where they should have harboured distrust. *Pleasure* is a bewitching syren, which flatters its votaries with unbounded delights, invites them to taste of the forbidden fruit, and at last plunges them into guilt and misery.

THE REAL PHILOSOPHER.

What bands of black diseases spread their wings,
The peaceful-regions of content invade:
With deadly poison taint the christal springs;
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade.

In the suburbs of St. Marcel, where poverty reigns, a spotted fever cut down the people in hundreds.

The confessors labored night and day; the arms of the grave diggers failed; the hearse rolled from door to door, and was never empty. A reinforcement of priests was called in to assist the dying. A venerable capuchin entered a low hovel, where one of the victims of contagion suffered: an old man in dirty rags lay dying—a bundle of straw served him for a covering and a pillow. Not a moveable, not a chair was in the house; he had sold all during the first days of his illness for a little broth; on his naked wall hung an axe and a saw.

This was his whole possession, except the strength of his arms, which he was not able to lift up.

"Take courage, my friend," said the confessor; "it is a great blessing God bestows on you to-day. You are going to depart from a world where you know nothing but misery." "But misery!" replied the dying man with a feeble voice; "you are mistaken; I have lived contented, and never complained of my lot. I never knew hatred nor envy; my sleep was tranquil. I labored in the day but I rested at night. The instruments which you see, procured me bread which I have eaten with pleasure.—I

have observed the rich to be more subject to diseases than their neighbors. I was always poor, but I was never sick until now. If I recover health, which I do not expect, I will return to labor, and continue to bless the hand of God, which has hitherto cared for me." The astonished comforter knew not well what turn to take; he could not reconcile the miserable thatch with the language of him who lay on it.—Recovering himself he said, "My son, though this life has not been unpleasant to you, you must nevertheless resolve to quit it; for we owe submission to God's will."—"Without doubt," replied the dying man, with a firm tone of voice and composed countenance, "all the world must pass in their turn. I have known how to live; I know how to die. I thank God for giving me life, and conducting me through it to himself. I feel the moment approach....Adieu, my father." This is the death-bed of a pious Christian.

EXTRACT.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holymen that divided the world with their contests and disputes. I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

THE HIVE.

The present number commences the second half year of the second volume of the *Hive*. Another payment is consequently in demand.

Those who are indebted will please to settle their accounts as soon as possible; which will enable us to persevere and continue the publication with spirit and energy.

As the *Hive* derives no support from advertisements, it is hoped our Patrons will consider this and not delay payment.

Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

*To a Lady who required the Interpretation
of the following Dream.*

Fancying herself at the table of the Lord's Supper while the Clergyman was administering the Sacrament, she beheld a glass of water and one of wine standing on the table; the wine was offered her, the water was not, though she thought herself desirous of partaking thereof; this made an impression on her mind, and when she awoke the impression continued and made her wish for its interpretation: The following is given.

WHEN heaven's Eternal King, the God above
Whose works are mercy whose decrees are love,
Design'd that Jesus's blood should cleanse from sin
And purge the guilty soul and conscience clean;
The triune deity heared, and approv'd
The offer of the son, our best-belov'd.
To give his life a ransom for our race;
To suffer pain, and death and dire disgrace;
He since perform'd the dreadful task design'd,
And paid the purchase with a willing mind,
And left his friends this legacy behind:
" Baptise with water in the Godheads name;"
Emblem of cleansing souls from sin and shame;
And once he took the cup, that fill'd with wine
He drank " This do remembering me and mine
This symbol of my blood drink all my friends
Shew forth my death till time its travel ends"
He said, and to his friends the cup he gave,
And then prepard our guilty world to save:
And now dear girl, your dream brings to my mind
Th' interpretation; it is thus deuin'd:
The glass with water fill'd, betokeneth how
Your guardians promis'd in baptismal vow;
To give you to the Lord; now years mature
Calls you to aid, and make the promise sure;
For once baptis'd, water hath done its part,
Nor cleanseth sin entirely from the heart;
'Tis Christ's own blood, apply'd by faith secures
Eternal bliss, while heaven itself endures;
This symbol of his blood, the wine pour'd forth
He bids you drink and feel its sovereign worth:
Apply the healing balm that heaven prepares,
And heaven will own and answer all your prayers.

ON WINTER.

RUDE, chilling rude, blows now the northern blast,
The murky clouds the vernal skies o'ercast;
The drifting snow, hurl'd by impetuous winds,
On earth's gay scenes unwelcome refuge finds.
The cypress groves, the dew-bespangled vale
(Where love-sick swains have woo'd the passing
gale)
Are dreary now—stern winter did transform
The cooling zephyr, to the ruffian storm!
Where late green verdure smil'd serene delight;
Where yellow harvests caught the passing sight,
No solitary vestige now remains—
Cold, chilling sleet bedecks the verdant plains.
The lively Lark, that usher'd in the day;
The cheerful Wren, that caroll'd on each spray,
At thy approach, did chant his parting moan:
Thou dreary winter—desolate and lone!—
Thus fickle seasons change!—and thus man's life
Partakes alternately of joy and strife!—
His youthful hope's mild spring—his summer's joy:
His winter's care, which pleasure oft doth cloy!

NOVELIST.

THE WIDOW—A TALE.

[Concluded from Page 104.]

Mr. Marston, the stranger to whom she had been speaking, endeavored to soothe her grief; and told her, that his house should be her home until some means should be found of providing for her and her child. His lady, he said, when she heard her story, would be as desirous to afford her all the relief in her power as she could be herself.

Mrs. Betterton surveyed the benevolent stranger with astonishment; she thought she saw something in his countenance that commanded her confidence, and she accompanied him home that very evening.

Mr. Marston introduced her to his lady, to whom he related her story, and who received her with the most delicate and sympathising affability; and also to a Mr. Clifton, his friend, who had lately arrived from the East Indies, where Mr. Marston had likewise resided for several years in a public employment. Mrs. Betterton's child attracted the attention of them all, by his beauty and vivacity. Mr. Clifton especially appeared delighted with him: he took him repeatedly in his arms and caressed him.

"I think," said he, "there is something in this child which fascinates me; I cannot take my eyes off him."

"He is a poor little orphan," said Mr. Marston: "you have told me, formerly, I remember, that you went to sea a poor fatherless boy; so far, there is a kind of affinity between you. You have now a princely fortune; you must do something for him."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Clifton. "There is, indeed, something so surprisingly attractive to me in his innocent countenance, that I am almost resolved to adopt him for my son, as I do not thing I shall ever marry now. But in that case his mother must permit me to change his name; for I would revive in him my real name, as all my family, except myself, appears to be extinct. I do not know whether I have ever told you that my original name was not Clifton, but that I assumed it at the request of the gentleman who patronised me in the East Indies, and to whom I am indebted for my fortune."

"I think I have heard somewhat of that," said Mr. Marston. "But what name is he then to take?"

"Betterton," said Mr. Clifton.

"Betterton!" exclaimed the mother. Good heavens! that is his name at present!"

"How!" said Mr. Clifton; "who was your husband?"

Mrs. Betterton related her first acquaintance with him, her marriage, his death, and described her present distressful situation.

"Your account," said Mr. Clifton, is of too late date. Where was he born? Are you

acquainted with any of the events of his very early years?"

"I only know," said Mrs. Betterton, "that he was born at a village, the name of which I do no recollect, near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire. I have heard him say that his father died about a month before he was born, and his mother in less than a twelve-month afterwards. His elder brother went to sea with an uncle, and he never heard of him afterwards. He was himself brought up by an aunt, who at her death about seven years since, left him a few hundred pounds."

"My brother!" exclaimed Mr. Clifton, starting from his seat. "It is impossible I should doubt it. I was born near Tewkesbury; my father died about a month before my mother was brought-to-bed of my brother, and she herself died within a year afterwards. My aunt took my infant brother to bring up, and I went to the East Indies with my uncle, who died soon after his arrival there. Fortune threw me into situations in which I have obtained an ample fortune, and, believe me, the widow and child of my brother shall never want. I have often endeavored to procure some information concerning him, but never was able. In me, however, his child, whose winning ways so wonderfully attached me to him before I could suspect that he was so nearly related to me, shall find not only an uncle, but a father; nor shall you, madam, I trust, ever have cause to regret that you have a right to call me brother."

Mr. Clifton settled an ample annuity on Mrs. Betterton; liberally educated her son, procured an advantageous establishment in life, and left him at his death the bulk of his fortune.

USEFUL.

Tighten your Houses.—All the fire that you can heap on your hearths will not keep you comfortable through the winter, if your floors, your walls, your doors, or your windows are not tight. A few cracks and crevices will admit more cold in a blustering or stormy season, than the heat of half a cord of wood can expel.—Before cold weather sets in, therefore take, a few nails and strips of boards, or a little mortar, and stop every hole through which wind or rain, hail or snow can find their way; and before winter is over you will reap a full reward for your little trouble and expense, in the comfort you will feel and the fuel you will save.

 Complete files, from No. 1, of the present volume, may be had on application.

L A N C A S T E R, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY

M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN
EAST KING-STREET.

Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be
thankfully received.